years all has changed. He is dead. I do not think he would now recognise in the present Tiare Hotel the quaint and charming inn that Lovaina, perhaps best and most unusual of hotel hostesses, then ruled so wonderfully. She too is dead.

Madame Tetuanui, who kept the * ideal place ' for work and life in Mataiea, is dying ; she could not move from the cottage near her former house when I went to see her. Mamua, her daughter—only it was Maaua—is dead too. The very house with the wide verandah is dead—shut up, neglected, empty, since the long illness of Tetuanui; and the wooden pier is dying. Its old timbers rot in the water, and I took a piece of the sea-stained wood for a remembrance, when we made the photo-graphs. Sitting there on the little jetty I said the lines to myself :

" Mamua, when our laughter ends,
And hearts and bodies, brown as white,
Are dust about the doors of friends
Or scent ablowing down the night,
Then, oh! then, the wise agree,
Conies our immortality/*

Alas and alack : " There's little comfort in the wise. . . ."

But to Rupert Brooke has come another sort of

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